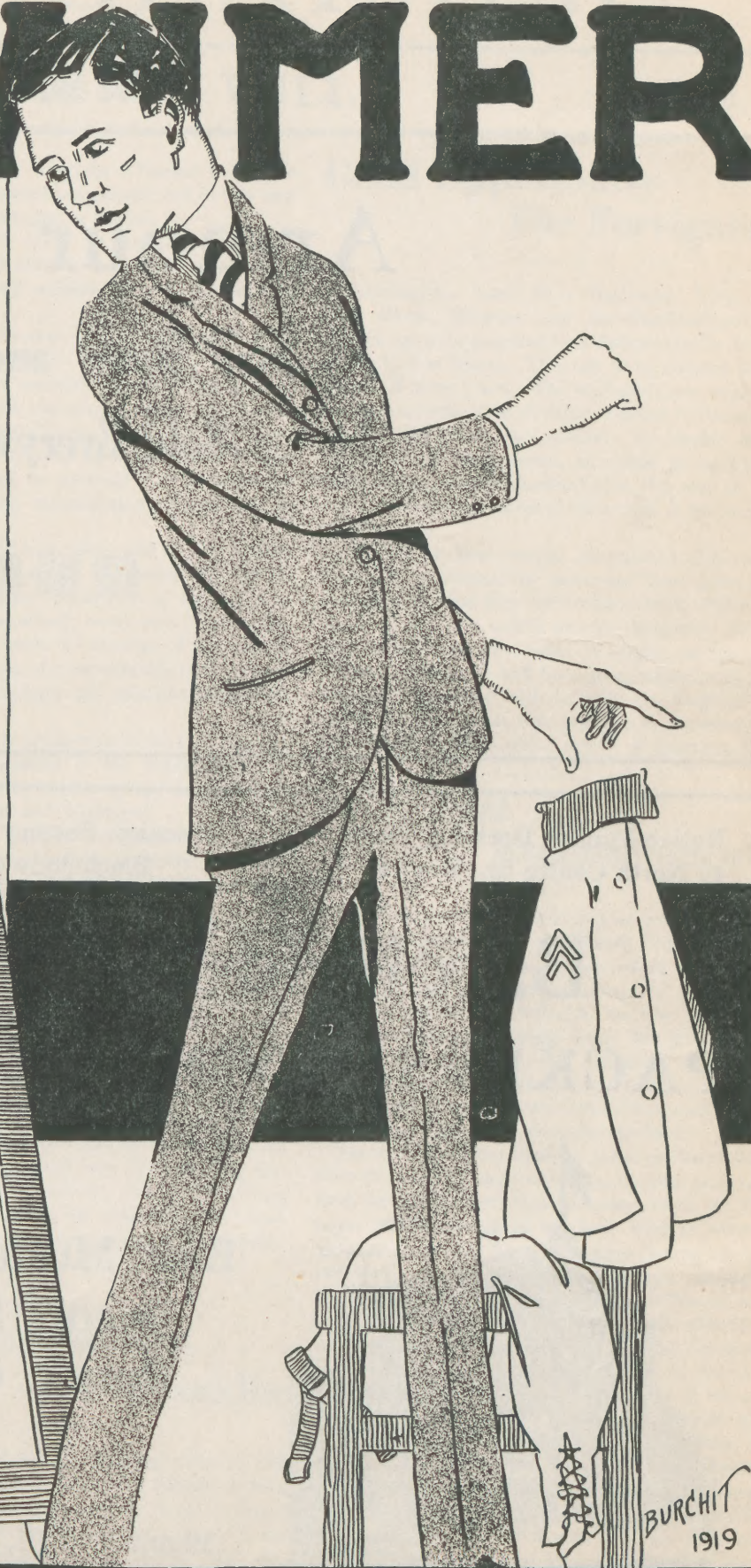


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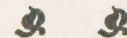
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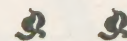
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STORES

THE RECLAIMER

Vol. I.

"WE CAN IF WE WILL"

No. 19.

About Discharges

War Department Expresses Official Opinion

You hear a lotta gossip nowadays about this discharge thing, don't you?

And you hear whispers emanating from the left side of some guys' faces—most of them not in uniform—that it takes "pull" to get a separative writ from the Uncle's army.

Herewith "The Reclaimer" is in position to present the official view of the War Department, including the disclaimer, that influential soldiers have received priority of discharge. Says the W. D.:

"The charge that soldiers with influential friends to intercede for them have been able to secure their discharge sooner than equally meritorious soldiers in like circumstances, is a charge that the War Department sincerely believes is not justified.

"The War Department studied the question of demobilization very carefully before adopting any policy. Two needs of the country were kept constantly in mind: The resumption as rapidly as possible of the normal industrial life of the country; and second, replacement therein of individuals in the military forces and in occupations which ended upon cessation of hostilities. The War Department gave serious consideration to the plan of making the order of discharge depend on the availability of industrial positions to which the individual soldier might return, as opposed to plan of disbanding complete organizations in the order of their availability for discharge.

"The former plan was deemed impracticable. It would have involved the processes of appraising the case of each soldier as a separate unit, endeavoring to compare his individual rights to discharge with the rights of all others, and marshaling the priorities accordingly. Even if the likelihood of obtaining employment had been considered by classes, it would have been necessary to consider further the relative demand for each class in each separate section. The preliminary investigation necessary to an equitable determination of such a schedule, if practicable at all under the present conditions in this country, would have delayed all demobilization beyond reason.

"On the other hand, disbandment of complete military units could and was immediately begun. On this way the military situation was safeguarded and at the same time demobilization was accelerated. If a cross section of industrial or agricultural class discharged had been at once cut across all military organizations, the integrity and efficiency of every unit would have been destroyed at the outset, to the confusion of orderly procedure and the retardation of the whole demobilization program."

Then, having considered and rejected both demobilization by classes and by industrial claims, the W. D. took as its determining principle the completion of duty by a soldier. Of course there are some exceptions, as sickness in the family of the soldier

or acute distress, or when he is needed to resume work in some industrial occupation, but in this case provided his services can be spared.

Then the W. D. takes up the question of discharges of soldiers desiring to resume their educations in schools and colleges. Here's the dope on that:

"The War Department has the most active sympathy with every soldier who desires to return at once to civil life to complete his education and has carefully considered the practicability of ordering a general release of such men. The objections, however, that become manifest upon a study of the situation are believed to outweigh the desirable results of immediately reestablishing young men in school or college.

"The discharge of such men—and to be equitable the order would have to be general—would result in the immediate impairment of the integrity and efficiency of practically every unit in the army, and this at a time when the interests of the country demand the retention of a considerable force abroad, and also certain auxiliary and administrative units in this country.

"The men who are anxious to return to college are frequently the mainstay of the organizations to which they belong, by reason of the very fact that they are ambitious and intelligent . . . The college youth, as a class, has no inherent right to be discharged above the business man who has a position awaiting him in civil life, or the farmer with fields that need his care."

Then getting back to where we began, we have a little more on that question of favoritism. Help kill that gossip—it is a reflection on the service you are in and the country you serve. Here's the rest of it:

"While the War Department does not maintain that among hundreds of thousands of men discharged, no individual has anywhere been favored through the efforts of influential friends, yet it does maintain that in the vast majority of instances, all those who could be spared have been steadily discharged as rapidly as possible, and in considering the various applications for discharge, the most meritorious and urgent cases were given priority and discharged first, irrespective of influence."

Officers Entertained At Franklin

Last week on Wednesday evening some of the people of Franklin entertained the officers of this post at a very fine dancing party at Franklin Town Hall. The decorations were very pretty and the refreshments were delicious. One feature that deserved special commendation was the music. This was furnished by a mixed orchestra and was declared to be the best dance music that we have heard since we have been here at Pondville. The officers wish to extend their most hearty thanks to all the good folks who were so kind in getting this party un-

Good Opportunity For Foreigners

Washington, April 19.—Beginning May the first, aliens, illiterates and non-English-speaking citizens are to be accepted for enlistment in the Army of the United States. They are to be enlisted for a period of three years. The applicants are required to make a declaration of their intention to become a citizen before they are enlisted. At present only whites are to be accepted, although, as we judge from the tone of the circular letter, this may be revised to include members of other races in the course of time.

As soon as these recruits are enlisted, they will be sent to an educational center and there given the rudiment of what they need to be a regular citizen of the U. S. A. This will fit him for the greater privilege, in his three year term, of taking out his full citizen's papers. It will be a great opportunity for some of those who wish to learn the language of this country in a short time and also be prepared for assimilation in the regular course of American life.

Some Real Entertainments

Everyone on this post has been enjoying the entertainments furnished by the Jewish Welfare Board each Sunday afternoon. We are indeed very grateful to Mr. Young, the representative of the board, for the splendid musicals that he has been giving us. The board has also brought many fine gifts to the boys as well as tobacco and cigarettes. On last Tuesday all the men of the post received a fine treat from the board and each ward was visited and several musical renditions were given for the boys.

The orchestra from Healey's Hotel at Boston has been the most frequent visitors at the post and they have furnished several real entertainments for the boys. Eddie Fitzgerald has been with us several afternoons and the boys sure enjoy singing all the popular songs when Eddie is at the piano. Recently the Newton Ball's Society Orchestra of Boston was here and they played some very pretty selections for the boys. The music last Sunday was furnished by the Handel Orchestra, which plays at the Tremont Temple of Boston. The members of the orchestra were Miss F. E. Whitmore, director and violinist; Miss E. Churchill, pianist; Miss L. Marston, cornetist. The ladies also sang several beautiful selections accompanied by the banjo played by Miss Whitmore. Miss Mildred T. Mills, soloist and Mr. Howard Mayon, baritone, were also on the program and sang several selections. Each Sunday afternoon these programs will be given and those in charge hope that everyone on the post will be present. They are given in the new Red Cross hall which is now furnished completely. We are very grateful to Miss Mabel Going for the new piano which she has given for the use of the boys at the hall.

JE M'EN VAIS A LA GUERRE

BY LIEUTENANT DODGE

Continued — Part 7

The Allied armies were electrified by what the Americans did at St. Mihiel and from that time everything seemed to move faster and faster. The Germans, who at first said that the Americans could not fight and would not amount to much, changed their minds and where the Americans were presenting a fight, they would stack a greater number of men against them than they did against any other army. Nevertheless, that did not stop us as everyone knows, though it did make things a little harder and the first part of each engagement a little more severe. However, when we would deliver our first attack with much push and vigor the Germans would always begin to make ready for a withdrawal and we had very few chances to have a real hand to hand fight as in the early part of the war. The hard part of the fight was always against machine gun nests, of which there were many—some dotting the hillsides and some on the level ground. The French people were very demonstrative and whenever there were any American wounded or others going back for a rest, the French population would turn out to welcome them with an embrace or a kiss. It was very funny to see some of the large American boys suddenly attacked by a French woman or man who would make a flying leap and embracing them, kiss both cheeks even before the boy realized what was happening. They would cry out, "What the French have tried to do in four years the Americans have done in four days." Every American was treated as a hero and we all had to live up to that mark. The other Allied armies had to wake up also, in order that the Americans would not get too far ahead of them and take all the credit and honor of winning the war.

We treated the Germans to the same dose at Verdun and in the Argonne forest with the result that is known to all the world. For those who were never at the front it is quite difficult to present a word picture that will cause them to fully understand the conditions. North of Verdun, at "dead man's hill," as we were to start a push, the French said that it was impossible for us to advance because we were confronted by a river and a marsh on the other side and beyond a hill rising to several hundred feet. Barbed wire was as thick as vines in a heavy undergrowth in any woods, and as a warning of the fate that was ours there were several thousand skeletons of dead French and Germans hanging in the wire. These bodies could not be buried because of the hot stream of machine bullets which would come with any attempt to rescue them, in order to give them a soldiers' last rites. We were undaunted, and on one morning in October our boys went over the top and in six hours had captured the distant hill. This was not a local success for our lines were advanced all the way along the front and continued to be advanced. It was the most wonderful experience to be in the game at this time and to feel the thrills of excitement which seemed to go through everyone like an electric shock. Nothing stood in our way to stop us. Towns, cities, trenches and wire were all blotted out by the furor of the battle and the Americans always marched over the ruins as victors. In some places the advance was so rapid that supplies could not be transported over the almost impassable

roads and in many cases our air service would carry each one several hundred pounds of food and drop it to the men as they were flying over them. Ammunition was carried in the same way and anything and everything was done to keep our advance going.

My work was always with the wounded and sick who were brought to us from the battlefield after having performed their great deeds of daring and heroism. They never talked much and even those who were awarded the D. S. C. and had honorable mention for bravery, would usually say that they hadn't done much and did not realize that they had done anything more than many other of their companions.

What pleased us most was that the folks at home remembered us in many ways. Letters which came to us rather irregularly, were always welcome, and one letter was read to dozens of boys by the receivers and the listeners were almost as happy as if they had received the letter. Occasionally some players would come to give us a show. There were no theatres and very few places to stage a show, so several times I have seen a flat bottomed hay wagon drawn up and a show given. Of course there was no scenery and we had to imagine the dressing rooms, rooms in which the play was staged and the furniture much the same as they did in the old Shakespearean days. However, it was even more difficult for us for we did not have the signs, "This is a tree," "This is a door," etc., to stimulate our imagination. However, many of the plays were funny and caused us to laugh and forget about the day's work. They also linked us with the home country, for we saw acting under these conditions many of the famous actors of the American stage, whom we had seen in days gone by in our large theatres. One day I went to see "Baby Mine" and found the actors to be John Craig and Mary Young, whom I had seen many times in the Castle Square Stock Company. It sure was meeting an old friend from home. Every boy certainly wishes to thank those who made them laugh under such conditions, for those actors worked as hard as anyone in the war. They were always in danger as any soldier was and on one occasion the German shells burst so near that the show had to be brought to an early close.

(To be Continued.)

UNCLE SAM, OWNER

By Lieut. Charles A. Hinton, U. S. A.

Two convalescent negro soldiers were whiling away the time with a discussion of the goodness of "Gawd," one stoutly maintaining that all our blessings came from Him, the other being somewhat more than skeptical.

"Yas, suh!" exclaimed the former, "I'm atellin' yuh, ev'ything you got, de Lawd give it to yuh."

"Huh, He did, did He?" rejoined his opponent. "Say, tell me dis, nigger—who give yuh dem pajamas you got on?"

"De Lawd did it; sho' He did."

"Yeh, maybe de Lawd did, but yuh jes' tear a hole in 'em and see ef Uncle Sam don't make yuh pay fer 'em."

RESIGNATION

"What'll you have?" asked the waiter.

"I'm not predicting," replied the weary citizen. "I'm going to order a cup of strong coffee with fresh cream and a steak done rare. Then I'm going to eat what you bring me and say no more."—Washington Star.

Changes In Army Hospitals

A reduction of bed capacity at various camp hospitals has been ordered by the Surgeon General as follows:

Camp Bowie, Texas, from 1000 to 750 beds.
Camp Devens, Mass., from 1521 to 1200 beds.
Camp Dix, New Jersey, from 1878 to 1200 beds.
Camp Dodge, Iowa, from 1200 to 1000 beds.
Camp Gordon, Ga., from 1200 to 500 beds.
Camp Grant, Ill., from 1600 to 1200 beds.
Camp Lee, Virginia, from 1500 to 1000 beds.
Camp Lewis, Wash., from 1000 to 750 beds.
Camp Meade, Maryland, from 1300 to 1200 beds.
Camp Pike, Ark., from 1100 to 750 beds.
Camp Taylor, Kentucky, from 1850 to 1500 beds.
Camp Ft. Riley, Kansas, from 1500 to 1200 beds.
Camp Ft. Sam Houston, Tex., from 2300 to 1200 beds.

United States Army General Hospital No. 9 at Lakewood, New Jersey, will be abandoned and patients and personnel removed on or before June 1. The transfer of patients to this hospital ceased after May 1st.

A number of army hospitals will be closed and turned over to the Public Health Service for the care of beneficiaries under the War Risk Insurance act.

The following hospitals have been or will be taken over by the Public Health Service:

Camp Beauregard, La.
Camp Cody, N. M.
Camp Fremont, California.
Camp Hancock, Georgia.
Camp Joseph E. Johnston, Fla.
Camp Logan, Texas.
General Hospital No. 13, Dansville, N. Y.
General Hospital No. 15, Corpus Christi, Tex.
E. H. No. 4, Polyclinic Hospital, New York.
The following hospitals were tendered, but their use was not desired by the Public Health Service:
Camp Bowie, Texas.
Camp McArthur, Texas.
Camp McClellan, Ala.
Camp Wheeler, Ga.
G. H. No. 18, Waynesville, N. C.
G. H. No. 32, West Baden, Ind.
G. H. No. 32, Chicago, Ill.
G. H. 17, Markleton, Pa.

At Camp Custer, Michigan, the Base Hospital was discontinued April 15 and a Camp Hospital substituted.

Hospital activities ceased at Camp Greene, N. C., on March 26 and the camp sold to a civilian company.

The Base Hospital at Camp Kearny, Calif. has been converted into a Camp Hospital.

The Base Hospital at Camp Sevier, S. C., has also been converted into a Camp Hospital, and it will subsequently be transferred to the Public Health Service when no longer needed by the War Department. The same condition applies to Camp Sheridan, Ala., where the Base Hospital was closed March 14.

DEVIL-DOGGED

By Pvt. W. A. Bonner, U. S. M. C.

Old Lady (to marine in company of pretty girl)—Have you been properly introduced to this young lady?

Marine—Don't speak to me, woman, you have not met me.

Nurses' Column

By Peg

I wonder how many of the men on the post are acquainted with the great transformation in D barracks? I know someone who court martial-ed for screens, I mean requisitioned. I always do get those two words mixed somehow.

Lost:—My cozy corner in D barracks recently. Please, chief, return same to—Admirer.

In springtime most young people's thoughts turn to love, but our Miss Tomlinson's have taken a queer turn. She is exceedingly interested in literature and ancient history, the latter being her preference. Tommy, why collect old relics?

I am given to understand that Lieutenant Marvel admires roses. He had a beautiful rose at a dance recently. (Wasn't she attractive, Chaplain?)

While conversing recently with Lieutenant Overholser and Lieutenant Gannon I was amazed at the difference in their spirits. Lieutenant Overholser was happy and elated while the other seemed blue and depressed. I would like to ask just why an engagement affects some men so differently.

If Captain Provost doesn't look out the end of his nose will touch his forehead, and you know it is all done because he thinks that ward C is the best kept ward on the post. Of course we know that his early training in house keeping was thorough, but, remember Captain, there are other people on this post who got the same training in the self same place.

In going about the post I find a great many of the young ladies embroidering. Business looks good for the Chaplains.

Notice: To the men who have accepted Miss McQuiston's hospitality. Do you know the meaning back of her glass of lemonade so politely offered? Good Night!

The nurses are planning to plant a war garden, although they are somewhat out of style. They suggest that some of the men of the post do likewise. Any person desiring to plant Irish potatoes with sprouts, please apply to Miss Canty. (She is some seed.)

Rats! Rats! Rats! cried the girls in D barracks one night as they heard an awful noise on the top floor. "Corporal of the guard," cried one of the girls. He arrived and made an investigation and found that Miss McDougal had just crossed the floor with her new ninety-eight cent shoes.

Lieutenant Dodge was O. D. recently on a very rainy evening. He was telling Miss Connolly his troubles and stated that he would have to stay awake until one o'clock. "Have you nothing to do all that time?" asked the chief. Upon hearing his answer in the negative she extended an invitation to him to spend the evening with her in the reception room of D barracks. Those are late hours, chief, and you are setting a bad example for the other girls.

Miss Connolly expects soon to place a sign on D barracks with the following wording: NURSES' HOME; BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Dope For Farmers

THE LEAGUE OF BUGS

By Walter Wellman

As I entered the scene of the great peace conference, I was at first attracted by the confusion of buzzing around the immense toadstool which served as a peace table. On little toadstools grouped about the table were numbers of delegates of all kinds and varieties. Each bug wore a tall hat and full dress in keeping with the momentous occasion.

As I drew near, I recognized that already the bugs were in fierce debate regarding the destinies of the various kinds and sorts and varieties of bugs, worms, insects, etc., etc. The Hon. Willyum Waterbug was acting as Chairman of the meeting, and his chief squeal seemed to be for the "freedom of the seas" for Waterbugs. A spider photographer just over the table was in perfect harmony with the Hon. Waterbug, thinking that "the freedom of the seize" was the question before the house. Soon confusion reigned or rained or something. Dozens of bugs were on their feet in an instant, yelling, squeaking and trilling for their rights. In the confusion I heard a Potato bug lisping out a demand that, if Paris Green was to be used on potato vines by farmers, a non-poisonous variety be demanded for the purpose. Just then two Katyids broke in with their noisy chatter. It seemed that they were disagreeing about some lady, although I couldn't see her, nor could I see what bearing a lady could have on the subject at hand. One would noisily say she did and then the other would jump to his feet and say she didn't, and I began to get so confused that I was about to throw up my job of reporting the Conference. To my mind one of the Katyids should be put out of the conference, or they'll bust up the whole darned thing, for they were continually disagreeing on every topic.

You will remember from previous articles that the flies are the enemy, and therefore excluded from the Peace Conference. Furthermore they will not be allowed to be present until all the various terms of peace have been agreed upon. It is even rumored that one of the terms which will have to be agreed to by the flies before peace is granted them, is that every fly must have his wings clipped short; that he must lay down his arms, and possibly even his legs. All these little details will, of course, be considered in turn, but it is generally conceded that the world will never be safe for bald-headed Democrats until the flies are handicapped by the loss of their wings.

Another discussion arose regarding the advisability of compelling wasps, hornets, mosquitoes and bees to do away with their stings. The Hon. Moskeet was on his feet at once to object. He claimed that life was being made more and more unbearable for him every day by the draining of swamps, the use of oil, etc. Gosh! It's hard to please 'em all. It was pointed out to him that stingers were a form of preparedness which were a constant menace to peace of Bugdom. Furthermore it was pointed out that stingers made them more subject to attacks from humans. The matter was laid over for further discussion.

The Hon. Cut Worm put up a holler when a proposal was made that his tribe be compelled to disarm. He stated with emphasis that his tribe was prepared to fight for their rights to carry tools of destruction, such as saws, etc. He further stated that there had been no proposal to make Army

Worms disband. In order to avoid further arguments, the matter was temporarily dropped.

A vote of thanks was tendered to the Cooties for their great service for the cause of democracy during the war. It was brought out that they made no discrimination between the rich and the poor, and that they had done wonderful work during the war. The Hon. K. Kutie gracefully acknowledged the vote of thanks and made a short speech in which he brought out the fact that his fellow bugs of the Cootie tribe had been constantly picked on during the activities, but that it was all forgotten now that the cause was finally won.

The Hon. B. B. Bee then arose to say that he thought the war should have gone on until all royalty was done away with. He stated that his tribe still maintained its queen, and that democracy would never triumph until all queens and kings were done away with. He further stated that the bees as a whole were getting very hot over the situation, and that most of them had hives as a result. He urged a revolution in the event that Queen Bees did not immediately abdicate. His remarks were greeted with great enthusiasm from all sides of the table, and all agreed that a system of bolshevism would soon be general if queens were allowed to rule. Mr. Bee was urged to go to it.

The matter of woman suffrage was brought out by Mr. Lady Bugg, probably at his wife's suggestion. He thought that democracy demanded universal woman's suffrage. The only objection came from the ants, most of whom seemed to be anti-i.

After various discussions which were too lengthy for me to go into them in detail, a tough draft of the fourteen proposed points to be incorporated into a constitution for a League of Bugs, was presented for reading. A tentative draft of these fourteen points follows:

No. 1. Beetles shall do away with most of their shells. Shells, being considered ammunition, must be reduced to a point of safety to be agreed upon by the league.

No. 2. All submarines must be immediately destroyed, and all waterbugs knowing how to run them must be shot at sunrise.

No. 3. Moths must reduce the amount of powder they carry on their wings to a point consistent with that carried by other bugs.

No. 4. Bees, hornets and wasps are to have all stings removed or thoroughly dulled within thirty days from the signing of the constitution.

No. 5. Red ants are to demobilize immediately in the vicinity of all picnic grounds, as their presence there makes them subject to sudden attack by humans and others, thereby disturbing the peace of the world.

No. 6. Caterpillars are to wear less furs during the period of reconstruction. It was suggested in this connection that such extravagance on their part causes unrest among other bugs who are unable to afford them.

No. 7. Cutworms are to melt their cutting instruments into plowshares.

No. 8. Lightning bugs are to be allowed to use all the electricity they want for lighting purposes, the need of conserving same having passed with the ending of the war.

No. 9. Fireflies are to destroy all formulas for making liquid fires, as same is to be banned in all future wars and also because there are to be no wars in the future.

No. 10. Centipedes are to have the number of their legs reduced as soon as is consistent, it being held that the available supply of leather for shoes is

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 3)

Rain Saves Walpole

Army Boys Confident of Trimming Town Nine

Jupiter Pluvius caused much disappointment at the hospital on Saturday when he caused the rain to descend and our athletic field to be flooded and consequently no baseball game. Perhaps they were showers of blessing, but the boys think otherwise, for they were all determined to do their best and had already put the said contest in their diary as a game won. It sure was a sad day at the hospital, for it was the team's first game on their home grounds and they had hopes of interesting many of the men here at the hospital who had considered them a failure. Even a greater reason for their extreme disappointment was the fact that they did not get an opportunity to appear in their new uniforms. Yes, this is a real team that we have here at the hospital and they sure have real classy uniforms. Recently Lieutenant Flood was appointed as the coach for the team and he will have full charge of the men during all practice and on the playing field. The coach has announced that during the coming week practice will be held each evening and every man will be required to be on the field. Manager Lehman is arranging a schedule of games and soon we will have a regular baseball crowd here at the hospital.

There will, undoubtedly, be some changes in the lineup since the coach has been working the men out and finding the real playing qualities of each man. Also, several of the men who have been playing have been discharged and their places on the team must be filled by some one else. Bunker, who has been playing a great game in left field, has gone to his home and to secure a man that can cover the ground of this player is no small task. McCauley has reenlisted in the cavalry and will soon leave the post and thus a new catcher must be secured. It is quite probable that "Dick" Lambert will go behind the bat and do the receiving stunt. Stewart and Lieutenant Flood will probably be the slab artists and during the next week we may have a new pitcher in the person of Corporal Houke. The Philadelphia lad, we are informed, has some real stuff and during this week he will be given an opportunity to show it in practice. Houke was given a tryout by Connie Mack in the summer of 1916. Several changes will also be made in the infield, for we have a great find in Sergeant Picketts who reported to the coach during the past week and has the real "stuff." Sergeant Rosenberg has also reported and is a fine fielder, and it is quite possible that he may cover the ground that was so well taken care of by Bunker.

The grounds here at the hospital are at present in fairly good condition but could be improved upon considerably. The quartermaster department has promised to have the ground rolled and placed in an almost perfect condition by the end of the week. When this is done the members of the detachment and the patients will have an opportunity to witness a game at least every other week. A schedule of the games to be played will be published in the paper within a week or two. With a classy team at this hospital it would be quite fitting for all the men to come out and be loyal supporters, if they cannot be players.

Benjamin Franklin said: "He that murders a pound (five dollars) destroys all that it might have produced, even scores of pounds." Buy W. S. S.

Educational Work Of The Army

Of the nearly 75,000 patients in hospitals devoted to reconstruction work, 25,000 were enrolled as students in the various courses offered, during the month of March, according to a report of the Division of Physical Reconstruction of the Office of the Surgeon General. The work was carried on at 25 general hospitals and 19 base hospitals.

Work in the wards for March shows an increase over that of the preceding month, 13,795 soldiers being engaged in hand crafts and 3,194 in academic studies.

Typewriting was the more favorite study taken up by the soldiers, 444 being enrolled in these classes. Arithmetic had 352 students, English 336, reading 322, spelling 223, penmanship 208, shorthand 190, drawing 186, with students in other business courses in lesser numbers. There were also students in foreign languages, 51 in Spanish, 43 in French, 6 in Italian, and 1 in Latin.

Enrollments in shop and school subjects numbered about 26,000.

During the four months' period from December to March, 75,000 patients were enrolled in educational work and 140,000 in ward, shop and school work, or a total of 55 per cent of the 272,000 patients reached by the educational service.

Orthopedic cases had the largest number of representatives in the educational courses, a total of 5016 followed by tubercular patients, 3139; soldiers suffering from disease or wounds, 1689, and amputation cases, 1125. Of convalescent patients 1,610 were enrolled.

HIS BIG CHANCE

He was a professional conjurer.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, with a wave of the hand, "this is the magic cabinet. I invite any lady in the audience to enter this cabinet. I will then close the door, and when it shall be opened again the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace."

There was an impressive silence until a little, under-sized man in the second row turned to an enormous woman, who sat by him, and breathed eagerly:

"Maria, dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?"

THE BOY KNEW

"If I cut a beefsteak in two," asked the teacher, "and then cut the halves in two, what do I get?"

"Quarters," returned the boy.

"Good. And then again?"

"Eighths."

"Correct. Again?"

"Sixteenths."

"Exactly. And what then?"

"Thirty-seconds."

"And once more?"

"Hamburger," cried the boy impatiently.

She—"What's wrong with your finger?"

Mother-in-law—"Shot off?"

She—"It must be a very interesting story, so please tell me about it."

He—"One stormy day the Germans were resting and we were tired. I began shooting craps to pass the time, and I didn't know that the dice were loaded."

Our Men Are Honored Abroad.

Word has been received from London that three Captains of the American Army Medical Corps have been decorated by King George with the British Military Cross. The officers are Captain Roy G. Giles of Belton, Tex.; Captain Samuel J. Murphy of New Orleans, La., and Captain Fred O. Stone of Maynardville, Tenn.

General Pershing has conferred the Distinguished Service Cross upon 1st Lieut. Robert E. Motley of Verdun, Ill., who served with the 125th Infantry as a dental officer in France. The decoration was bestowed for extraordinary heroism in action near Chateau Thierry, July 31st to August 7th, and near Verdun October 14th to 16th, 1918. The citation reads: "Realizing the need of medical attention at the front, Lieutenant Motley went beyond the scope of his duties as dentist by advancing with the Infantry and establishing and maintaining dressing station with the leading elements of his command. For seven days, from July 31 to August 7, he safely evacuated many patients by his prompt and fearless action. He again volunteered and went forward in the attack of October 14-16, and on the latter date, carried a message back to the supply officer, requesting food for the men. Although wounded and badly gassed, he accomplished his mission, refusing evacuation until the food was started for the lines."

The Distinguished Service Cross has also been conferred upon Private 1st Class Claud P. Hale, Medical Detachment 354th Infantry, whose home is Martinsburg, Mo. Braving deadly machine guns and artillery fire near Remonville, France, November 1st last, Private Hale worked unceasingly without regard to personal safety in administering to wounded men and assisting them to places of safety. He constantly went forward into the open under machine gun fire to aid fallen comrades and his work was the means of saving many lives.

Recommendations for promotions to vacancies in the Medical Department are in the hands of a board of officers appointed by the Surgeon General, which consists of Col. R. B. Miller, Lt. Col. F. J. Barrett, and Lt. Col. John S. Dye.

Col. Roger Brooke has been assigned to duty in charge of the Division of Medicine of the Surgeon General's Office, succeeding Col. Lewis A. Conner. Lt. Col. Frederick J. Barrett has been assigned to duty as Chief of the Section of Internal Medicine of the Division of Medicine of the Surgeon General's Office.

Officers of the Medical Service are invited to avail themselves of the War Camp Community Service for officers in New York City should occasion require their presence in that city. The service is without charge and has been of practical benefit to officers upon their visit to the metropolis. The manager of the Officers' Service Department of the New York Branch of the War Camp Community Service brought the matter to the attention of the Surgeon General, and in a letter to the Medical Service the Surgeon General desires that this service be called to the attention of officers as will be of possible service to them on visits to New York.

The issue of russet shoes to members of the Hospital Corps on duty at Base and General Hospitals has been approved.



Tears, and still more tears! No more can we fill our pages with snappy stuff concerning our illustrious Sergeant Major Homer Bunker. Bunker has gone and with him has passed our hope of making this a first class humorous paper, for with no Homer we will have no humor. Pax vobiscum.

Our peerless comedian, Corporal Walter Brown, has returned after a brief sojourn on his native heath. We have missed your smiling face, Walter, and your sweet voice, so it is with glittering globules in our luminescent orbs that we welcome you to our fireside.

Sgt. Burchit, Art Editor and man about town, has taken unto himself a new roll, that of a strolling minstrel. Of late Burch has acquired the habit of visiting the surrounding towns and tickling out tinkling melodies on pianos in the various drug stores and eat emporiums. Needless to say that with the aid of his unexcelled technique and temeramental contortions, the Sergeant has increased his already huge collection of friends and admirers, particularly amongst the wimmin.

Our Weekly Fashion Hint.

Guests at some of the more exclusive wards, namely the South and North Hospitals are wearing lounge suits of flannel and linen in plain white and fancy colors. An overcoat cut along the lines of a bath robe is worn with this outfit. A very unique effect will be obtained if the trousers and coat of the suit are of different material or color.

This season offers a wide range in riding clothes for girls. Suggestions as to what to wear and where the clothes may be obtained may be gotten from Miss Eames, Miss Coughlin or Miss Cady.

Rudolph Pfutzner, the new barber, while not as loquacious as Jack, is very satisfactory and we welcome him to our bosom. He clicks the scissors in your ear just like a regular city barber and doesn't add a war tax, so remember, fellows, when you want to get gussied up for high tea, visit the Post barber. —Adv.

Sergeant Charles Gass, whose picture appears elsewhere in this issue, is another (when we say another we mean Gadd) non-com whose rise has been wonderfully meteorical. Starting life, as it were, as a mere buck private, like ourself, he has by consistent labor won for himself the exalted position of Sergeant. Shades of H. Alger, take note!

Corporal George E. McConomy is another youth worthy of mention. By dint of hard work and wonderful mental ability he has joined the ranks of the much envied and admired non-coms. Corporal McConomy is the proud possessor of two medals—won in two very stiff typewriting contests while in high school.

The last week has wrought many changes in the personnel of this Post. Two hospital sergeants, Cavanaugh and Long, have received their dis-

charges. Sergeant Bunker, acting sergeant major, has received his discharge, as have the following privates: Privates, 1st class, Max Lougeman, Clay-born Nelson, Julius Labow, Sydney McCumber and Bernard Collins. Two Q.M.C. men and one M.J.C. have joined the ranks of those who really live. They are Privates McKibben and Alselt from the Q.M.C. and Private Rowell from the M.T.C.

Four men from this Post have heeded the call of military life and have re-enlisted. They enlisted in the cavalry but are still attached to this Post awaiting orders. These men are: Private (first class) Conway and Privates Sutton, Whaithe and Bertho. We wish you luck, boys, and finish off by saying that we are glad to see that somebody liked army chow well enough to stick around for an extra year.

The writer of this "colyum" does hereby extend his thanks to the young lady who so kindly kicked in with a cake on Saturday evening last in Bishop's garage at Wrentham, thereby saving the life of said youth and his cohorts. The taste still lingers—again I thank you.

Privates Henderson, Lake, and Lieben are also spending the week at this very popular place. Judging from the way the fellows flock here, we have come to the conclusion that there must be some special inducement. What is it, fellows—the eats?

Miss Carolyn Coe has been spending the week at the infirmary. If a furlough has that sort of effect on you, Miss Coe, we would suggest waiting some time before taking another.

Again the U. S. A. General Hospital 34 Baseball team succeeded in avoiding defeat. This time it was old Jupe Pluvius that saved the day by making his appearance about an hour before the game was to start. Too bad too, because the new suits had arrived and there is no telling but that they might have acted as a stimulant.

Private McCumber, our bugler and mailman, has joined the ranks of the used to be's. He has gone back into the life where water is considered as a requisite only in that it is the best possible fluid for moving foreign material from the external surface of the body, and not as a drink.

Last Sunday the Jewish Welfare Board under the leadership of Mr. Young again made appearance at the Post bringing with them Femmes and Chanson, but they replaced the vin with cigarettes which, as everybody will acknowledge, brings quite as much joy with increasing the size of the head on Monday morning.

After watching Washington toss off a game to Boston the other day, we decided that our hospital team had its good points. There is not the slightest doubt but that Washington could improve its team by putting it in the hands of our capable manager, Rowland R. Lehman, also of Reclaimer fame.

We missed the North Attleboro girls last Tuesday and hope that they haven't given us up as a bad job. Try us again and we promise to be good.

Corporal Charles Hardiman is spending a fifteen days' furlough at his home at Lockport, New York. That is to say, he is supposed to be spending it there, but knowing Charles as we do, we have our doubts.

CANNED GOODS

Step up, gentlemen, this is our new column, with all sorts of wisdom on tap for those who want to know anything. If there is any question that weighs on your mind and keeps you from sleeping nights, we can settle it for you. Send all these questions to the Editor—Kid Iceberg and give him a chance to help you. If he hurts your feelings any time with his abrupt manner, just report him to the Colonel. The Colonel doesn't know who he is and so it will not make any difference to the Kid. The Kid is hard-boiled but that's because he has been in the army so long. He was a Top once, but is busted at the present writing. You tell him.

Motto: "There's an answer for every one. You tell 'em."

Edited by Kid Iceberg, of Cold Storage Fame.

Dear Kid: "Do you think you're funny?"

From Gazabo, Michigan (U. S. A.)

Answer: If this is meant as a slur on my joker I'm going to call you or raise you ten. Your question implies that you think you are funny too, but you aint. And I can prove it, because. No, I'm not a lady and still my argument is valid. Any guy that can sign a name like yours aint got no sense of humor at all.

Am I funny? You tell 'em. I'll say I am. No, I don't mean me, just my line of chatter.

Dear Kid: What do you mean by running my horse to death all the time. He is getting so thin that he looks like a piece of plate glass.—Yours, generously, High in Command.

Answer: Mean? No, that's not the word for it, at all, old balloon. You're simply a homogeneous hyperbole of illiberalism. Look it up. If your horse stayed in a few nights and ever got a square feed he would be as dense as you are. You try this.

Dear Iceberg: What's the matter with the M. T. C.? They seem to be in bad odor these days.—Very sincerely, Restless.

Answer: Yep, you're right. Nothing. It's only that the stuff is being used and aint used to it. You know how it is, gas is high these days. And there's a special graft on it and then parts are not what they used to be when we were young. They will wear out in time.

Dear Kiddo: Whazza soff-shelled crab? They say they haddem at th'ossifer's mess the other night. Anxiously yours, A Liver.

Dear Liver: Somehow I associate you with onions and your question staggers me. You are fresh enough, dear knows. Well, to be perfectly frank, I am not a piceatologist and never did pretend to be. But I heard one of those who ate them suggest that they were a large species of cootie. I hate that, don't you? But you can take the suggestion for what it is worth. It is not worth much to me and that is why I pass it on to you. But how do those officers get that way?

AN EASY BUSINESS

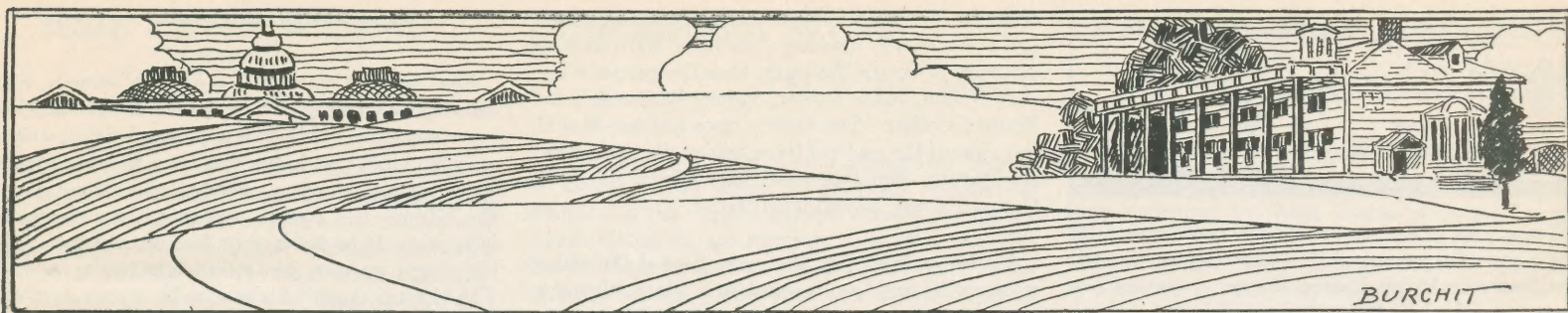
"What's the matter, old top?"

"The pater says I'll have to go into business or he'll cut me off."

"Then go into business."

"But I don't want to go into business."

"Aw, g'wan. Try the oyster business. You can close up four months in the year."



EDITORIAL

A paradox is a seeming contradiction between two truths about life, and the fact that they exist all along the pathway that each one of us has to travel make life very difficult at times for the man or woman who wishes to make the best out of his or her life. We might illustrate the problem in this fashion: A man who minds his own business is a very good man to have around and yet if he minds it strictly, he narrows down to a very self-centered person for whom but few people have any use. A man who saves his money is to be characterized by the virtue of thrift and yet carried a little further, the virtue of thrift becomes the vice of being miserly. It often seems but a step from any virtue that might grow in one's life to the vice or failing that corresponds to it. There is a saying that in everything there is a happy medium and while this is very true, it is only a statement of the problem in different terms, for the difficulty comes in just this medium. How shall we find it?

The man who can work just hard enough in life and yet not too hard; who can live well without underdoing or overdoing the thing is a genius. And most of those who have not reached this stage of perfection soon realize that this type of being is one that is born and not made. It is more common that we should find two types in life which rarely succeed in accomplishing the mean which leads to a happy, smooth existence. Men are mostly born with a bent for one special thing in life and have the corresponding temper that makes them want to live in and for only that one thing, and there is a large class of others who seem to be born with little or no place in life and a temper which is not temper at all, and for this last class there can only be the leavings wherever they go. It must be observed that the first class of the two is the most desirable class from the point of view of the man who wishes to achieve a great end for the time he spent in this world, but in payments for the advantages it bears are the sufferings which a keen sensitive temperament brings with it. The second class achieves but little if anything and in return suffers but little as those in it ripple along their way like a cool breeze on a fine day at sea. So there it is—the inexorable law of compensation.

Then, if you can locate yourself in one or the other of these classes your job in life is pretty well cut out for you. You must learn to inculcate in yourself the virtues of the other class which you are not in possession of and then you can be as happy as it is possible for you to be in this world, which is pretty happy if you once get placed rightly. Do not be a slacker, nor yet a daredevil.

See if you can achieve this happy medium.

THE RECLAIMER

Published by and for the officers and men of U. S. G. H. No. 34, by the authority of the Surgeon General of the Army.

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TO BE HAPPY IN NEW ENGLAND*

By the Rev. Joseph P. McCarthy
You must select the Puritans for your ancestors.
You must have a sheltered youth and be a graduate of Harvard.
You must know Emerson.
You must live withing two hours of Boston.
You should have a professional or literary calling.
You must speak low, be a conservative in politics and a liberal in religion.
You must drop your r's, be fond of the antique, eat beans on Saturday night and fish-balls on Sunday morning.
You must tolerate the Jew, respect the Irish, and love the Negro.
You must wear glasses, be fond of tombstones, and, man or woman, carry your parcels in a green bag.
You must be a D. A. R., a Colonial Dame, an S. A. R., or belong to the Mayflower Society.
You must be neighborly to the unmarried.
You must read the Atlantic Monthly.
You must shudder at the West, but go to Europe frequently.
In age you must live on Easy street with a little Boston and Albany preferred.
You must make sure in advance that your obituary appears in the Boston Transcript.
There is nothing else.

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FROM THE CHAPLAIN'S POINT OF VIEW

During the time that the Chaplain is away on his vacation the Post Services will be in charge of Private (first class) Lehman, who has been his assistant here to date. He feels that Lehman will be able to help the boys in this way a great deal and hopes that they will all respond and help make the services what they ought to be.

The time when a man can get along without religion is past, and especially now, when we will all soon be going back to civilian life. There has been much talk about religion in the Army, but most of the Army religion, like Army morale, became very much diluted with the signing of the armistice when there was no further call for the danger of the battlefield. The laxity of this life will be past when men again have to face the world on the basis of straight competition, and the man who has something deeper to fall back on that will help him meet the tests of temptation and other weaknesses, will be the man who will win out in life.

AN IDEAL. THE DECLARATION OF FREEDOM

To dream without apology,
To act without regret,
To have convictions that are unconquerable and inviolable,
To work with the might and skill of a man, but to play with the ardor and sleep with the faith of a child,
To owe nothing, to earn all, to give much and save a little,
To keep ambition that girdles the globe and then be able to watch possessions vanish with a smile,
To value comradeship and cling to the arms of dear ones, but to regard solitude the source of power,
To throw the world away in pursuit of a cherished ideal,
To live one's own belief with a quiet and dauntless courage and to respect every other man's belief,
To find the greatest joy in life among the simple things but to move as a lord among the huge things,
To revel in the sweetness and glory in the strength of a perfect human body, yet to care for the body only as revealing the soul,
To forget the past and to create a splendid future out of each honest day as it comes,
To be always content with what one has, but never content with what one is,
To be calm in sorrow and brave in defeat and yet kind and gentle in the hour of triumph,
To serve and rule with equal majesty,
To make happiness for one's self and then be happiest in sharing it,
To banish fear, even the fear of death, knowing that death but releases the soul to wider activities,
To see good everywhere,
To know one's self,
To voice that within which cries for expression,
To love and know God and man,
IS TO BE FREE.

CURIOUS CUSTOMER

Customer—By Jove, I am glad to see you back. Has the strike been settled?

Waiter—What strike, sir?

Customer—Oh, come now! Where have you been since you took my order?—Stray Stories.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but expense is constant and certain." Buy Thrift Stamps and W. S. S.

"Beware of small expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship."—(Benjamin Franklin.) Wise buying will keep the savings ship afloat. Buy W. S. S.

BOY SCOUTS TO SELL THE RECLAIMER

Since we were seriously handicapped by the order of the War Department prohibiting the sale of hospital publications by the Soldiers in uniform, we have devised another plan whereby we can sell the papers and thus keep the Reclaimer going. The heads of the various Scout Organizations of the surrounding town were consulted by the business manager, Private Lehman, and they found that the boys would be very glad to take this opportunity to be of service to the soldier boys in their neighborhood. We have appreciated especially the spirit which the boys have shown thus far in their efforts to sell the paper. The first week was a startling success and we feel that, on the promise of this they will be able to carry the work through to the finish.

The Organizations which are to be headquarters for the selling of the paper are the following: The Boy Scouts of Attleboro will handle Attleboro, North Attleboro and Pawtucket. Those of Franklin will handle Franklin, Woonsocket and the neighboring country. Wrentham will handle Wrentham, Foxboro and Mansfield. Norwood will handle Norwood, Dedham and Walpole. It may be necessary to make some rearrangements of this plan, but for the present it will stand. It is planned that the boys will take up the work in much the same way that they would handle the selling and delivery of a local newspaper. They plan to establish regular routes and go at the proposition in a systematic manner.

Since the recent order from the Surgeon General has come out, there is a movement on foot to sell the papers through the Red Cross. The matter has been taken up in official circles at Washington and authorities there believe that the Red Cross will be able to materially alleviate the situation. They are to get subscriptions and each local Red Cross chapter will go at a campaign for subscriptions in a week's drive. Just how this will work out in our local situation it is hard to say, but it seems possible that many very worthy Hospital Papers will be saved from going under in their present crisis. We await the developments with interest.

BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY

Apologies to Walt Mason

Have you ever planned on going on next Sunday far away and awoke to find it blowing—just the punkest sort of day. Meant to take some nice girl walking midst the flowers and the trees, time came, weather balking, rain and mud up to the knees? Then you know just how I felt this morning, as from the downy I arose, to find with rain, old Pluve adorning—washing out Dame Nature's clothes. From the East a gale was zipping, pounding on the window pane, so with muttered curses slipping, I went to pound my ear again. Up again I came at 'leven, but to my fast increasing grief, found the day I'd hoped like heaven, more like the chaos underneath. The hay I couldn't keep on hitting I simply had to feed my face, so I up and grabbed my knitting and came hiking to this place. After I had had my dinner I went trotting to the street, with the rain, the darned old sinner, splashing madly round my feet. After many weary hours, nailed a car and off I went, not to pick those gosh darn flowers, but, believe me, pleasure bent. When at last I gained the portal, where the beauteous damsel stood — WELL, THAT'S ALL I AM GOING TO SAY, BUT BELIEVE ME, IT WAS WORTH IT.

Benjamin Franklin said: "Remember that money is of the prolific, generating nature." Buy W. S. S.

Port of Missing Men

Listen to this!

"I hope the rest of the mothers and fathers who have made inquiries in the Port of Missing Men may have their hearts filled with joy the same as mine."

This is the sentiment expressed in a letter written to the Port of Missing Men by a Rosendale, Missouri mother, whose missing soldier son was restored through an inquiry in this column in one of our hospital papers. The entire letter breathes happiness and gratitude. If every reader of this paper could read the entire letter, it would be an added incentive for him to scan the following list of inquiries closer in the hope that he might bring happiness into some other home.

Here are the inquiries. Look them over and see whether you haven't met some of these buddies in some "Y," "K. C." hut or army hospital over there. If you have, let his relatives know.

NEWCOMB, CHARLES J., Pvt., Co. C, 103rd U. S. Inf., 26 Div., A. E. F. Wounded severely in action, July 20, 1919. Reported later as suffering from gun shot wounds in the jaw. No further information since. Inquiry made by father, Mr. Edward Newcomb, 87 Belvidere street, Boston, Mass.

ROSS, HARRY E., Pvt., Co. H, 26th Inf., 1st Div., A. E. F. Was serving as runner in battle of Soissons on July 19, 1918. Wounded that day. Was seen by comrades to make a first aid dressing station. Indefinite reports that he was taken prisoner. Family have no word since July 19, 1918. Said to suffer from loss of memory to extent that he may have forgotten his own name. Inquiry from Mrs. Clark D. Ross, mother, 4042 Third street, Highland Park Station, Box 344, Des Moines, Iowa.

HOPMAN, WALTER H., Pvt., Co. B, 364th Inf. Last heard from March 25. Telegram received by Louis Afbahr, 302 W. Hancock Avenue, Detroit, stating that he had arrived in this country on U. S. S. George Washington and would come immediately to Detroit. Letter returned to Mr. Afbahr since then which was written by him on Oct. 29. Letter returned from Tours and bears mark "deceased." Pvt. Hopman was wounded in action last October. Notify The Detroit Azuwer.

ROUSE, ROY W., Sgt., Co. E, 310th Ammunition Train, 85th Div. Last heard from on Nov. 17, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Peter Rouse, mother, Grindstone City, Hufon county, Mich.

HICKEY, JOHN J., Pvt., Co. E, 125th Inf. Reported missing in action on Aug. 29, 1918. Inquiry from J. J. Hickey, father, 925 Warren Ave., Detroit, Mich.

PHILO, LEONARD DELBERT, Pvt., U. S. M. C. Last heard from by letter to mother written July 14, 1918. Reported wounded seriously at Soissons on July 19. Washington records show entered hospital in France on July 27. Inquiry from Cpt. Claire D. Hyatt, 108 Glenwood Ave., Battle Creek, Mich.

TUCKER, RICHARD B., Sgt., 76th Co., 6th Reg., U. S. M. C. Reported killed in action July 19, 1918. Desirous of hearing particulars of death. Inquiry from Mrs. A. M. Tucker, mother, Long Rapids, Mich.

KEENE, CLARENCE E., Cpl. M. T. Co. 437, M. S. T. 414, A. E. F. Has not been heard from during the past three months. Never reported wounded or sick. Inquiry from Mrs. A. Keene, 455 McDougall St., Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Keene would like any one having relatives with this outfit, who has heard from them recently, to communicate with her so she may learn their present station.

BERGEN, BERT VAN, Pvt., Co. A, 114th Inf., 29th Div., A. E. F. Reported missing in action October 12, 1918. Information desired present location of this division, also any information regarding Van Bergen. Inquiry from Minard Kulikamp, 431 Townsend Ave., Detroit, Mich.

WALSH, RAYMOND W., Pvt., 105th Machine Gun Co., A. E. F. Reported wounded and last heard from at Base Hospital No. 37, Dartford, Kent, England. Inquiry from H. D. Sitterly, care Neal and Hyde Inc., Syracuse, N. Y.

GOETZINGER, WILLIAM, Pvt., Co. C, 47th Inf. Information regarding location of this outfit desired. Also, any information relative to the location of Goetzinger. Inquiry from A. J. Goetzinger, 1658 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MORRISON, ANGUS, Pvt., 106th Replacement Battalion. Reported killed in action. Particulars of death desired. Inquiry from Leo Morrison, 151 Cameron Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CARTER, JOHN J., Pvt., Co. L 48th Inf., 4th Div. Last heard from in Aug., 1918. Mail is returned marked "wounded," but no notification from War Department. Inquiry from sister, Mrs. D. S. Griffin, 61 Palmer Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.

MORSON, CHAS. THOMAS, Pvt., Co. H 338th Inf., 85th Div., A. E. F. Last heard from August 27, 1918. Inquiries to Washington and Red Cross have brought no information. Location of outfit desired. Inquiry from Mrs. Winnie Morson, mother, Thedford, Box 4, Ont.

FAIRBANKS, WARREN F., Lieut., formerly a member of 7th Reg., N. Y. National Guard, transferred to transport duty in Q. M. Dept. on Y. S. S. Antilles. Ship sunk. Last heard from February, 1918. Was recovering from severe wound. Send information to office of The Detroit Azuwer.

PETERSON, CARL, Pvt., Ord. Corps, 123 F. A. When last heard from stationed at Camp Logan, Houston, Texas. Inquiries to the Camp have brought no reply. Present location of company desired. Inquiry from R. A. Dittmar, 1080 Roosevelt Ave., Detroit, Mich.

MICHEAL, MICHAEL V., Pvt., Co. B, 115th Inf., 29th Div., A. E. F. Officially reported by War Department as killed in action, but reports have been received through other sources stating that he was in a French hospital, wounded. Inquiry from Mrs. Lettie V. Micheal, mother, Boonsboro, Md.

REGAN, WILLIAM E., Pvt., Co. G, 18th Inf., 1st Div., A. E. F. Last letter from him written Sept. 1, 1918. Officially reported missing in action between Oct. 4 and Oct. 11. No further information has ever been received. Inquiry from Mrs. Marshall J. Langell, sister, Marine City, Mich., R. F. D. No. 2.

KREFT, VICTOR W., Pvt., Co. C, 64th Inf., A. E. F. Last heard from in September, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Anna T. Kreft, wife, 1080 St. Aubin Ave., Detroit, Mich.

CHASE, JOHN F., Pvt., Co. F, 7th Inf. Last heard from on Sept. 22, 1918. Then in France. Inquiry from Mrs. G. H. Saurbrey, sister, 557 Crawford Ave., Detroit, Mich.

GONIN, PHILIP, Pvt., Co. B, 16th Inf., 85th Div., A. E. F. Last heard from in Sept., 1819. Officially reported wounded on Oct. 9. No word has been received since that time. Inquiry from Mrs. Arthur Gonin, mother, 474 Vermont Ave., Detroit, Mich.

KING, WILLIAM J., 206th R. B. Flying Corps, Dept. Ainse. Reported killed July 1, 1918, at La Valbonne, France. Later reported to be in German prison camp. Inquiry from Pearl Youngerman, sister, 2110 Cottage Grove Ave., Des Moines, Iowa.

KURMIN, ADOLPH, Pvt. Serial number 1,785,846. Reported missing in action on Sept. 26, 1918. Later reported killed on same date. Inquiry from Pvt. Robert Kurmin, brother, U. S. General Hospital No. 36, Detroit, Mich.

KNOWLES, GEO. W., Pvt., 401st Supply Co., A. E. F. Inquiry from Detroit War Camp Community Service, Farwell Building, Detroit, Mich.

SHAPTON, LESLIE THOMAS, Pvt., 18th Co., 2nd Bn., 5th Reg., U. S. M. C. Reported killed in action July 18, 1918. Inquiry made by Mrs. E. Shapton, mother, Charlevoix, Mich., to Capt. N. H. Pearl, 32nd Div. Referred by Capt. Pearl to Port of Missing Men column.

LANE, HARRY D., Pvt., Provisional Ambulance, Co. I. Last heard from on his arrival overseas, May 16, 1918. Inquiry from Mrs. Elizabeth Lane, 916 Twenty-fifth street, Detroit, Mich.

YAKE, IRA A., Pvt., 137th Co., U. S. M. C. Officially reported missing in action Oct. 10, 1918. Letter from former schoolmate of Yake says he was seen in Champagne sector on morning of Oct. 10th in 75th Co. Inquiry from Mrs. Albert Yake, mother, Box 87, Lexington, Mich.

JONES, HAROLD W., Pvt., Co. A, 4th Inf., A. E. F. Officially reported wounded Sept. 8, 1918. Later reported as dead Oct. 21. News from his captain conflicts with the last report. Inquiry from Mrs. S. H. Ferguson, sister, 498 Atkinson Ave., Detroit, Mich.

DOPE FOR FARMERS

(Continued from Page 5.)

fast disappearing, and that a hundred legs are too many anyhow.

No. 11. Bluebottles are to cease to exist as a separate tribe after July 1, 1919, for obvious reasons.

No. 12. Potato bugs are to be allowed to attack only the gardens of amateurs, it being held that such gardens never amount to anything anyhow.

No. 13. Mosquitoes are not to carry malaria germs in the future. It is argued that it is not only against all rules of warfare, but it also tends to kill off its victims, thereby reducing the available supply of food for decent mosquitoes.

No. 14. Ticks are to feed upon watch dogs only.

It is understood that these fourteen points are only tentative, and subject to revision after discussion. In order to hurry the business through, night sessions are being held for night prowling insects such as mosquitoes, cutworms, beetles, lightening bugs, etc.

On the whole, the League of Bugs looks like a darned good thing to me, if it can ever be adopted. I have talked with various bugs on the subject, and I find that invariably each bug is satisfied with every point except the one referring to his own tribe, so it ought to be dead easy to get together on something, or else something else, before the close of the session.

Signed: ANN ANT.

—Cartoons Magazine.

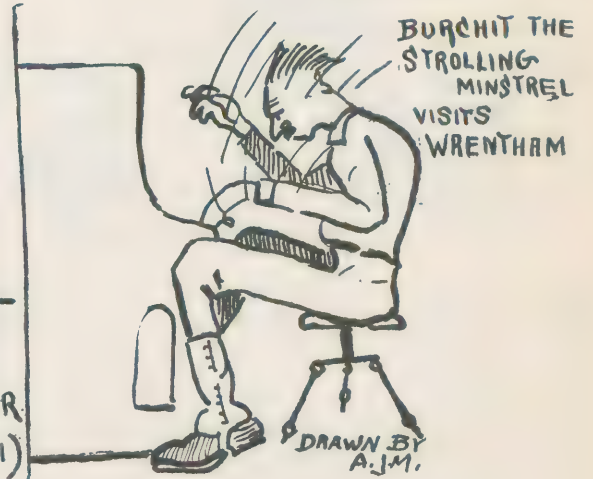
HE'S IN AGIN !



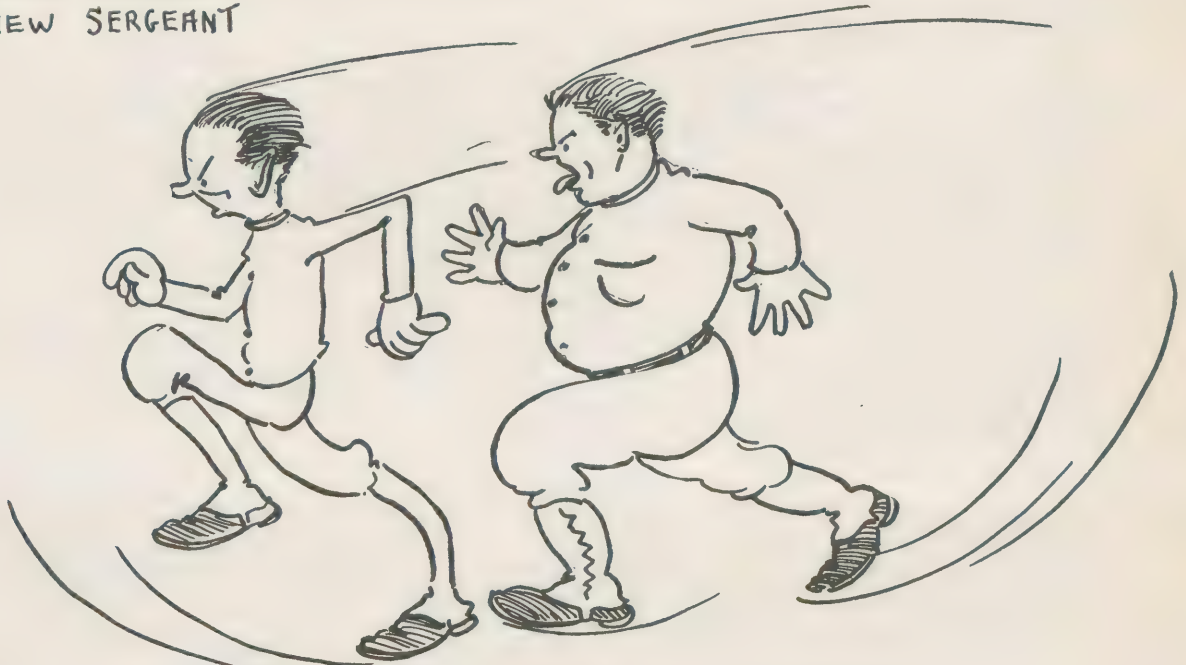
GOOD MORNING JUDGE!



SISTER CADDY — OUR FEMININE NIGHT RIDER.
(LOST — A PAIR OF KAKKI) TROUSERS

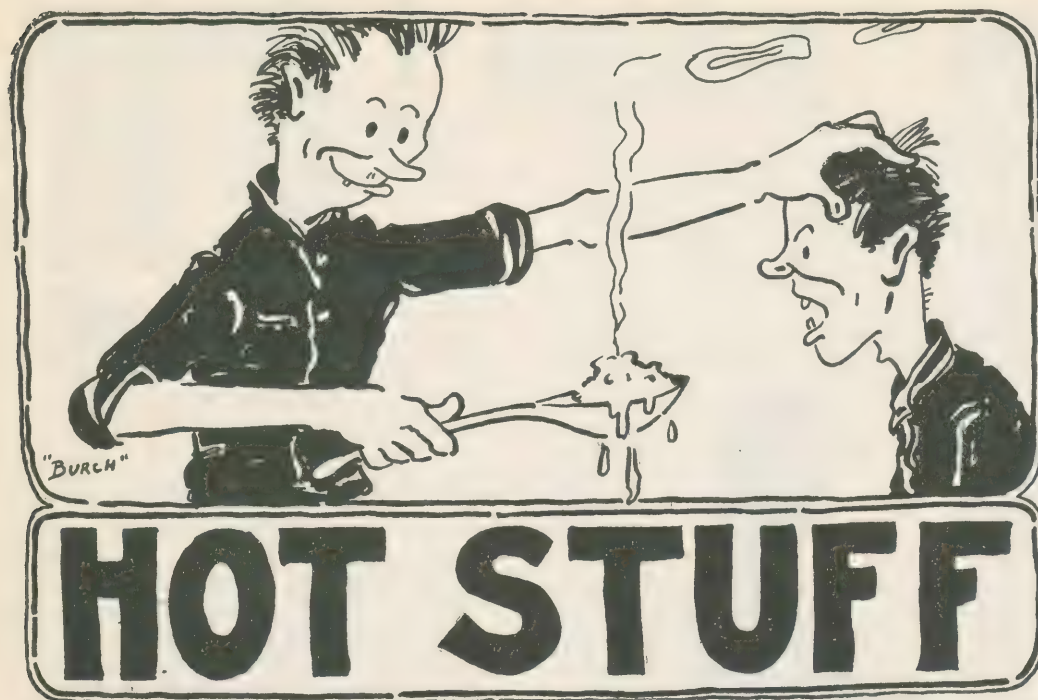


CHAW-LIE GASS
OUR NEW SERGEANT



MACE AND LEHMAN DOING A HEART BREAKING FINISH IN THE "HUNDRED" PUZZLE — FIND LEHMAN—

EVERYTHING IS "FIRST CLASS" WITH BURT'S NOW—



The other day the Colonel walked into one of the offices and saw one of the gentlemen reposing leisurely on a chair by his desk. He cast his eyes around and then reproved the gentleman for about fifteen minutes in a very earnest manner. Said gentleman respectfully attended the remarks of his superior and when his remarks were concluded, the Colonel asked for the man's name.

"Emmons, Sir," said he.

"Oh," said the Commanding Officer, "I thought you were Braun." And he walked away.

Now as for Braun,—

Mayo says that he don't see why he should not be able to get out of the service. He is a married man and further states that he is the only husband his wife has. Well, that is tough.

Wamba: "Say, Chaplain, why don't you ever shine your shoes?"

Chaplain: "I left this morning with a real shine."

Wamba: "Yeah, but where did you leave it?"

ACTION, NOT WORDS

Sammy—"How do you manage to get on so well with the French girls when you can't speak the lingo?"

Jackie—"You're dead slow. Can't ye kiss a girl without a dictionary?"

OPENED WITH PRAYER

"My dear," called a wife to her husband, who was in the next room, "what are you opening that can with?"

"Why," he said, "with a can opener; what did you suppose?"

"Well, replied his wife, "I thought from your remarks, you were about to open it with prayer."

Salesman—No, Ma'am, we haven't had any for a long time.

Proprietor (rushing up)—How many times have I told you, Jones, never to say that to a customer? We can get it for you, ma'am.

The Customer (smiling kindly)—Thank you very much, but we were talking about rain.

Murderer—"Is this the guy who is to defend me?" pointing to Noble Morris Levinsky.

Judge—"Yes, he's your lawyer."

Murderer—"If he should die, could I have another?"

Judge—"Yes."

Murderer—"Can I see him alone for a few minutes?"

CONVERSATIONAL TOPICS

One of the members of our staff got the consensus of opinion of twelve young ladies who are studying at an exclusive girls' school in this city as to what are the most important and interesting subjects of conversation. We arrange the topics in order of the importance assigned to them by the girls:

1. The other girl.
2. Myself.
3. Men.
4. Dress.
5. Movie actors and actresses.

Here is our guess as to the relative rank of the subjects talked about at this post:

1. "Me."
2. Kicks.
3. Discharge.
4. Women.
5. Eats.
6. Money.
217. Peace Conference.
- 234,345. Social Reform.
- 5,342,444. Browning's Poetry.

We left our "job" and several other subjects; it's better thus.

Nurse (to patient who just arrived)—"When did you receive your first dressing?"

Patient—"On August 4th, 1893, the day I was born."

Traveler—How much is my bill?

Clerk—What room?

Traveler—I slept on the billiard table.

Clerk—Fifty cents an hour.

BY JINKS!

WON'T WE EVER LEARN?

Apologies to K. C. B.

Last Sunday night
As I sat at
This desk
I swore that
Never again
Would I wait
Until Sunday night
To write my stuff
On Monday morning
I would arise
From my bed of
Feathers
Taken from the
Bird they call the
Horse
As I said
I would arise
And before the
The appearance of
The golden sun
My typewriter would
Be clicking off
Its tune
Even as the birds
In early morn
On Tuesday
I would
Do the same
And Wednesday too
And so on
Thru the week
Until
When on
Saturday the
Twilight kissed
Eastern sky
My cares would
Take themselves
Away
But still as
Monday morning
Dawns it finds me
Seated at
This desk
Curses

TIME FOR PROHIBITION

They were out on Smith Field and he was pitilessly kidding the pitcher.

"Howdye get that way? You don't know what a slow ball is."

The pitcher was getting peeved.

"Well, do YOU?" he asked scornfully.

"Sure I do," he retorted, "a slow ball is a glass of water with a piece of ice in it."

SO HEARTLESS

P. H. preferred either liberty or death.

So did Private Whoosis. In his dreams one night he was telling St. Gabriel all about the War Department and in the height of the discourse he quoted the noble P. H.'s statement.

The chief angel looked sad for a while and then with the air of one who pronounces a solemn judgment, he said, "That's great stuff, old boy, but since the last S. G. O. we'll have to slate you for death."

So just as Gabriel took out his ledger, Whoosis woke up.



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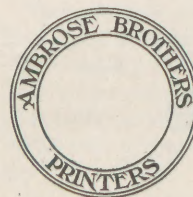
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